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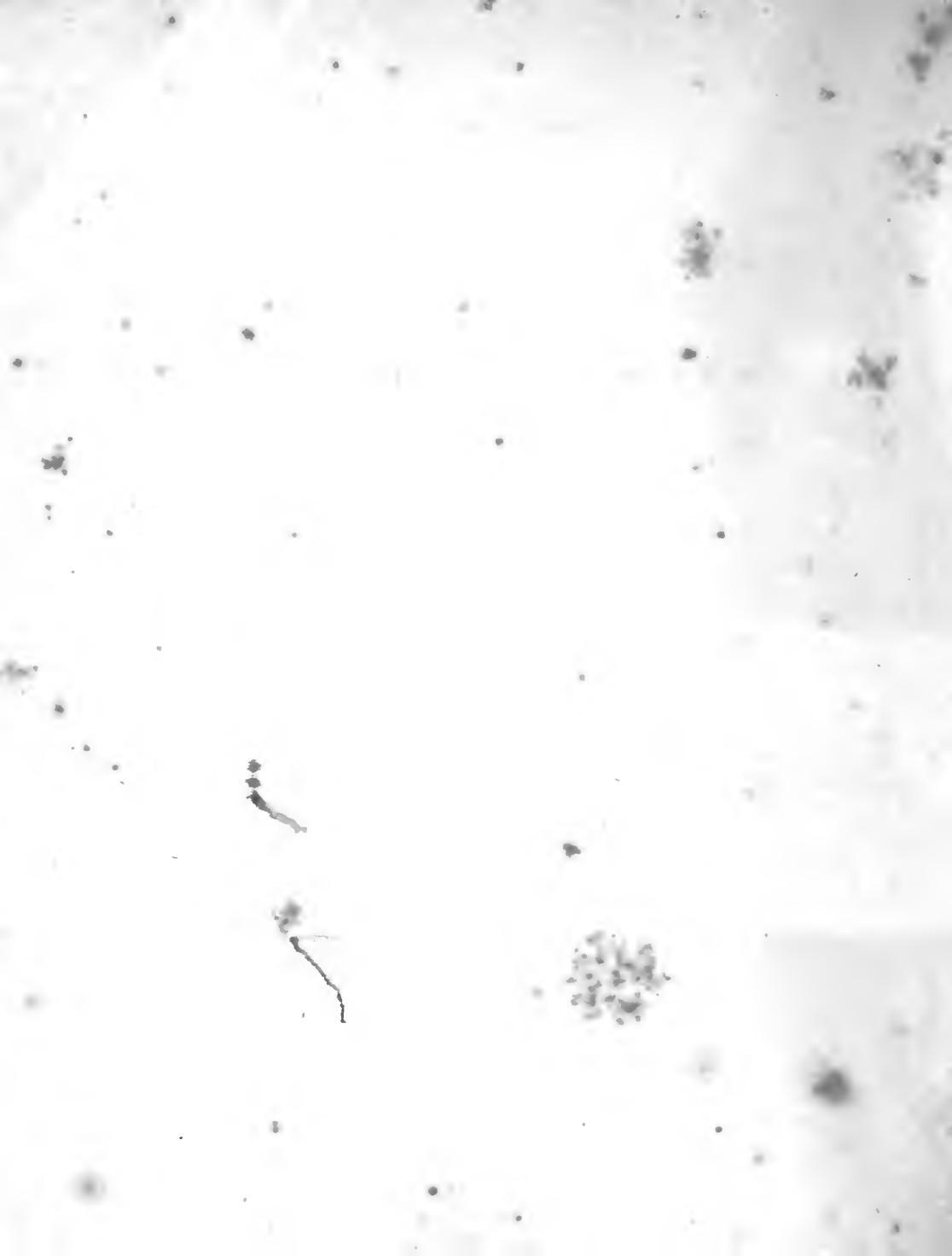
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RAILWAY
HORACE
—♦—
OXENDEN



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RAILWAY HORACE.

ERRATA.

Page 10, second line from bottom, *for* "mostly" *read* "moistly."

" 15, line 6, *for* "Or" *read* "And."

" 15, line 11, *for* "Dobson's" *read* "Dodson's."

" 16, line 1, *for* "day" *read* "days."

" 50, line 5, *for* "Sodalis" *read* "Sodales."

" 51, line 3, *for* "Sui" *read* "Sin."

" 67, line 1, *for* "Italia" *read* "Itala."

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RAILWAY HORACE.



Railway Horace.

BY

G. CHICHESTER OXENDEN.

*Tu ne læde meam, jubeo, Momuscule, Musam ;
Ede tuam, sic Tu Momificatus eris.*

LONDON:

UPHAM AND BEET, 46 New Bond Street.

1862.

LONDON:

Printed by STRANGEWAYS & WALDEN,
28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.

RAILWAY HORACE.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 26.

L'ENVOI.

D OG of the Muse, I send to Spain
All sorrow, by the next mail-train ;
To me it matters little
How the young Russian Despot fares,
Or who with L. Napoleon shares
His throne and sceptre brittle.

A kindlier, lighter task is mine,
This Anglo-Latin wreath to twine
For one time-honoured brow ;
Alcaic Gas if this infuse,
Light will my labour be, O Muse,
And not dishonoured thou.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 2.

MARCH has sent down enough of snow,
And fleet, upon this Earth below,
With red right-hand, devoid of pity,
Bombarding London, luckless city.

The “Gents”* he frightened, left again
The gravy might return, and rain
Drive all the short-horns to the mountains,
When fishes, quitting seas and fountains,
Stuck in high elm-trees, and the dove,
Cooing to cheer his feathered love,
Found in the tangled boughs not her, but
A brill perhaps, perchance a turbot.

* Animal vile, infimum, propriè dictum “Gent.”

The Thames, which erſt thro' beds of ſpinach
To Gravesend guttered, viâ Greenwich,
Now rufhes back, and, with a motion
Directly adverſe to the ocean,
Would ſoon have reached the ſhrine of Vesta,
If there had been, in all the West, a
Cathedral to that virtuous goddefſ,
With ſtraiſt-laced ſtays, and patent boddice.

Our youth hear tales of war, and ſteel, and
Red battles fought in far New Zealand,
Themſelves, by wine, and dice, and faro,
Dwindled, and shrunk, and down at zero.

Whom ſue for aid, at this the criſis
Of England's weal, and England's vices?
Will he the coming danger face,
The patron-faint of Cheſham Place?
Will gentle Erycina guard us?
Cobden and Cotton watch and ward us?
Or Gladſtone interpoſe to ſcreen us
From our fierce foe, and ſave the Genus?

Our beacon light, our surest guide
In danger's day, and triumph's pride,
Our sword and shield are lost and gone
With thee, unfullied Wellington.

Yet may thy star, O mighty Dead,
Its clear, calm light for ages shed,
Bright in its Indian morning's glow,
Undimmed in England's hour of woe,
And sent to save this chilly land
From treason's steel, and foreign brand !

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 3.

SO may the gentle Cyprian queen,
And Corfiote steamers intervene,
And he, the wind's Director,
Guide the good ship which bears to Greece
My soul's best half, with speed and peace,
And be his life's protector.

That man's capacious chest around
Broad-cloth, and Macintosh were bound,
Who first, from Deal or Dover,
Gave to the waves his mackerel-boat,
Kept for a tide or two afloat,
And ventured half-seas over.

Tho' north-north-west by north-half-north
The tempest howled, sublimely forth
Issued the dauntless band ;
The scaly monsters of the deep
Caused not their iron-eyes to weep,
Nor e'en the Goodwin Sand.

In vain hath stern Geography
Severed the firm land from the sea,
If Man, rebellious still,
O'er the wild waves may madly glide,
Spurn the fierce wind, and stem the tide,
And work his reckles will.

Franklin, with philosophic kite,
Lured from the sky electric light ;
But we, in Wisdom's race,
A loftier, nobler, flight essay,
Outstrip the very God of Day,
And conquer Time and Space.

With wings which Jove would fain deny
To Man, we range th' unfullied sky,
 And deem that science soon
Shall pierce the very depths* of air,
Plant Rosse's conquering banner there,
 And scale the astonished Moon.

* Beyond that pale arch in the sky, which we call the "Milky Way" (and which is itself a belt, powdered with stars), Lord Rosse's telescope has revealed a "Milky Way of Nebulæ," each separate nebula of which has its own millions of stars.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 5.

P YRRHA, in some sequestered grot,
Where roses fall around thee,
And on thy cheek are kisses hot,
What boyish love hath bound thee,

His own dark hyacinthine locks
With thy fair tresses blended ?
Ah ! quickly come the varying shocks
That tell of passion ended,

And he will mourn vows light as air,
And Pyrrha's troth departed,
Ill-starred, to love a girl so fair,
And yet, so faithless-hearted.

And I, who watch his ruin, I,
Thank Heaven, at Neptune's door
That I have hung *My Hat* to dry,
And tempt the waves no more.

¶

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 7.

TEUCER'S BANQUET.

O SOME will praise illustrious Rhodes, and some fair Mitylene,
And Ephesus, and ye, twin Seas, with Corinth placed between ye,
And Thebes, beloved by Bacchus, and steep Delphi by Apollo,
And Tempe, where the rocky road scarce man or mule can follow,
And some there are whose tiresome task for ever 'tis to sing
The glories of Minerva's shrine, on one incessant string,
And Argos with its olive-groves, and opulent Mycenæ
(O many a sultry summer-eve right gladly have I seen ye).

But me nor rich Larissa's field, nor patient Lacedæmon,
Appear one-half such pleasant spots, "the which" to pin a theme on,
As old Albunea's noisy dome, with Anio and Tibur,*
And all the golden-pippin-groves, which mostly circumscribe her.

* More convenient than correct.

When clouds obscure the wintry sky, as south winds intervene
To chase the dull November fog, and cheer the chilly scene,
Do thou, my Plancus, put an end to sorrow and life's labor
With goblets of good old port-wine, and twang of pipe and tabor.

Thus Teucer, when from Salamis, and from "Papa" he fled,
A napkin, dipped in pink champagne, bound round his aching head ;
And then, with maudlin moistened eye, his comrades thus address'd,
" If we don't go to sea again to-morrow—I'll be bleff'd.*
" I'm nothing daunted nor cast down ; 'tis my opinion rather
" That Fate will prove a kindlier fire than my much-honoured father.
" And you, companions, one and all, and you, and you, and you, sir,
" Just pluck a little courage up, and trust in Captain Teucer.
" Apollo, who's a friend of mine, this certain promise gave us,
" That we another *fallow-miss*† should find, if we behave us.
" Then fill one other bumper bright, and finish these made dishes ;
" To-morrow we will fail again—to-night we'll drink like fishes."

* Naval critics are of opinion that "bleff'd" was not the precise word used by Captain Teucer on this occasion.

† Vice Helen.



HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 9.

JUST see how white the Grampians gleam
Beneath their snowy burden,
How bright the pines with hoar-frost beam,
And brooks no sound is heard in.

Chafe we the cold with many a log,
Old wine, and old-wives' stories ;
Call to the hearth the old house-dog,
Nought heeding Whigs nor Tories.

Leave to the gods the rest ; who, when
They tire of wintry riot,
Calm the tall cypress in the glen,
And bid the elm be quiet.

For aught beyond forbear to seek ;
Life yields its own good treasure,
The friends we love, health's ruddy cheek,
And Music's brightest measure,

Whilst yet grey hairs are far away :
Yes, now the chase be ours,
The heathery mountain-side each day,
Each eve, dance, song, and flowers ;

And as the diamond-flash of mirth
Still brighter glows, and brighter,
O where, on this wide, weary earth,
Beat merrier hearts, or lighter ?

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 15.

THE Shepherd, when to Gretna Green
He bore the impassioned Spartan queen
Love-lost enamoured Helen,
These sounds of woe and coming fate
Heard, at the very entrance-gate,
Ere yet they reached their dwelling.

(Thus Jenner * fung) “ Forego the prize—
“ Ill-omened birds and auguries
“ Attend that nuptial car ;
“ E'en now, with far prophetic ken,
“ Fierce strife I hear of wig-ged men,
“ And sounds of horse-hair war.

* Dr. Jenner, of the Conſistory Court.

“ But ye no signs of coming woe
“ Daunt, in deep shades, where waters flow,
 “ For ye ’tis meeter far
“ To bid the pulse of rapture thrill,
“ To murmur the soft seguadille,
 “ Or wake the light guitar.

“ When Nicholl vents his words of fire,
“ When Phillimore, with mimic ire,
 “ Flares in juridic sport,
“ Say, will those locks of raven-hue
“ Screen you from keen-eyed Dobson’s view,
 “ Or soothe the indignant Court?

“ Thro’ iron bars, and triple steele,
“ That fell award your Soul might feel !
 “ E’en now, like scared red-deer,
“ Who in lone Corrie scents his foe,
“ Gaunt shaggy wolf, or blood-hound flow,
 “ You stand, transfix’d with fear.

“ Not thus, in happier, brighter day,
“ You met imperial Helen’s gaze ;
“ But now, O early-lost,
“ Forensic arm impels the dart
“ Which wrings from that Dardanian heart
“ Its life-blood, and the ‘ Cost !’ ”



HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 20.

OLD Chief, no font more bright and fair
Than these few flasks of "Ordinaire,"
Long in the wood, and placed in bottle,
What time, with dry and dusty throttle,
Late from "the House" returned, and ill,
You deigned to visit Richmond Hill,
And every echo round my dwelling
The chorus of your praise was swelling.

At home perchance a precious cargo
Your cellars hold of Château-Margaux,
With bins of Burgundy unfailing ;
Of me, the lowest joint your tail in,

A humbler vintage suits the Table :
Come then ; I give (as I am able)
Old Port, and for companion dear, a
Bright welcome, and my best Madeira.



HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 22.

TO FUSSY.

FUSSY, the man whose eyes are open,
And pure, needs not to place his hope in,
A double-barrel gun, or javelin,
To guard his steps, when he is travelling,
Whether o'er Egypt's Deserts sandy,
Or, nearer home, in regions handy,
Where the wild Spey comes thundering down
From yonder mountain's snowy crown,
To lave Kingussie,* filthy town.

* Invernesshire.

As some flight proof, last Tuesday, I,
When sauntering out, thro' heather high,
Singing, with all my might, in praise
Of Miss Matilda's pleasant ways,
All on the loose, and out of bounds,
Met (not a pack of wild blood-hounds,
But) a fierce Pug, who fled instanter,
At his best pace, a steady canter,
As tho' I had been Wolf, or Panther.

Not such a sight as this is seen
In Madagascar's forests green ;
No Pugs are there ; none vex or bite ye
'Mid the tall Palms of Otaheite.

But me, place me where'er you please,
On Scottish hills, devoid of trees,
Or on the sultry plains of India,
By Tippoo bullied long, and Scindiah,
Place me where'er you will, and I
Will sing Matilda, damsel fly,

Her of the dark and dangerous eye,
Long as I live, aye e'en until I die.

N.B. There's not the least analogy
Between my Maud and that Miss Lalage.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 23.

CHLOE, you fly me like a kid,
Seeking its brown mama, amid
Some leafy glen's recesses,
And if a branch but catch the breeze,
Or kitten mew, or rabbit sneeze,
A prey to fresh distresses.

But me no tigress brought to light,
No lion's cub am I, to fright
A maid, or bid her falter ;
The path which I would tread with you
Is that which promptly brings to view
The hymeneal altar.

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 29.

TO HICKS, OF HICKS' HALL, LONDON,
ITALIAN-WAREHOUSEMAN.

O HICKS, who in abeyance mental
Dost covet honours regimental,
And wouldest risk thy Hicksian life
In yonder Chersonesian strife,
Tell me, O thou who curest Hams ill,
Is it some dark Danubian Damsel,
At best but ill-conditioned cattle,
Thou wouldest win in foreign battle,
Or, wouldest thou murder with thy Minié
Some serf, when slain not worth a guinea?
Be these thy dreams, and this thy notion?
Well then, abhorrent of the ocean,

The Thames may trickle back to London,
Since thou, infatuated, undone,
Spurning thy jars of jam and pickle,
And all for which my Hicks might stickle,
Art fain to leave the wealth before ye
For fever, and an ounce of glory !

— (Decorative flourish) —

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 38.

JOHN, I detest this apparatus ;
But if you wish indeed to fête us,
Seek not the picotee, nor rose,
Which latest in the garden blows,
But, garland meet for poet's brow,
A chaplet from yon myrtle-bough,
That I may sip my claret, share
The vine's deep shade, and revel there.

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE 4.

TO FAUXJEU.*

F AUXJEU, why thus ashamed to wed
 A village damsel ? we have read
 How, in Homeric Lays, Briseis
 Tamed e'en Achilles self ; and She is
 Far brighter than that Phrygian Maiden :
 Atrides, too, with triumphs laden,
 A captive Girl o'erthrew ; and Ajax
 Tecmessa's hand did in a rage ax,†
 What time the proud Thessalian Victor
 Shattered the Dardan Host, and Hector
 His own warm life in duel gave,
 Troy, and the Trojan Maids, to save.

* Nic.

† An illiterate Man of the Sword.

Who knows?—perhaps this very Phyllis,
Whose merest smile enough to kill is,
Springs from some high-heroic Father,
Some King, some Khan, some Rajah, rather
Than from a disingenuous mother.

Oh, no, I could not deem her other,
Nor think a Damsel so discreet,
With such bright Ankles, and such feet,
So gentle, so averse to hold
With greedy hand unhallowed gold,
Could be the scion of lost Races:—
And me, whom each fresh charm amazes,
View not with jealous Eye, since I am
Past forty, and as grey as Priam!

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE 8.

If any bad luck, Miss Barine,
Befell you, or your ringlets shiny,
If you had but one single speck
On your white teeth, or whiter neck,
I might believe it, and in truth
Think it were right and wise, forsooth.

But you, as soon as vows and letters
Have bound you fast, in willing fetters,
Burst from your bonds, and seem the lighter
For broken faith, aye, even brighter.
And Venus laughs at this, as I do,
The Nymphs too smile, and young Cupido

Says, as he sharpens some new dart,
“ That girl ! by Jove she has no heart ! ”
The silly boys too, how around
They throng, to catch a sight, a sound,
The mereft whisper, which may deign
To tell some goose he sighs in vain.

Alarm o'ertakes each fond Mama,
Fear seizes every fat Papa ;
Of you, of you alone, afraid is
Each one of yon new-married ladies,
Left faithles John or William fall
A victim to Barine's thrall.



HORACE, LIB. II. ODE 16.*

“ EASE and a pipe,” by billows frantic
The sailor tossed, in mid Atlantic,
Asks of the Gods, when not a star
Lights up the elemental war,
And, in the vista dim, he fees
One hope alone, his “ pipe and ease.”

“ Ease, and a country-house at Highgate
(The Cockney cries) if ever I get!”

* This Ode was inscribed to Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere.

And, in imaginary state, hoes
Ideal peas, and spectral 'tatoes.*
But neither villa snug, nor rents,
Nor barometric three per cents,
Nor frescoes bright, nor sculpture fair,
Soothe thy dull brow, O pallid Care.

Blest is the Sage, whose slumbers light
No railways vex, no lawsuits bite ;
Who, in some snug receſs, has got
His own ancestral coffee-pot,
Nor covets more.

Why seek to play
Ten trivial parts in life's poor day,
“ Why rush from Bosphorus to Po ? ” †
What exile, in his hour of woe,

* The same with plants ; potatoes 'tatoes breed,
Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed.

(ANTI-JACOBIN.)

† Instar Cecili Wray.

To his own heart can fay, at will,
“Steady, old boy, down charge, be still?”

Care climbs the lofty Turrets' side,
Care, swifter than the Solway tide,
Cleaves to the steamer's iron prow,
Clings to the mail-clad warrior's brow,
And asks a king, “Whose dog art thou?”
And the king's dog replies, “Bow-wow.”
*But you, do you, my spirit free,
Spurn the false world; and when you see
The fierce base contests of the crowd,
Curl the cold lip, and smile aloud
At the small meanness of the proud.*

Philip's mad son, in mid career,
Exhausted worlds, and died of—beer!
And e'en to me one hour may bring
The hope of years, or sorrow's sting.

Old friend, around thy Highland home
Red deer, and Roe, superbly roam,

Black-game and grouse adorn thy larder ;
To me, a lot no worse nor harder,
Fate and the Muse have given, to pen
These my poor dreams, and sneer at Men.*

* “The more I see of men, the more I like dogs.”

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE 26.

THE ladies played me, O what tricks,
When I was in the army ;
But now, against this wall I fix
The harp that used to charm me.

And here I hang my grey-goose quill,
And here my gilt-edged paper,
With envelopes, that gave me hopes
Of winning damfels taper.

O thou, the Queen of Cyprus bright,
And Memphis, never snowy,
With loftiest whip just touch the lip
Of cross and cruel Chloe.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE 2.

VIRTUS, repulsæ nescia fordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

VALOUR, which fears no menace, nor repulsion,
Steers its calm course, amidst a World's convulsion,
Nor yet assumes the Axe, nor lays it down,
To please the fly Electors of a Town.

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE 29.

SCENE.

A Club-house in ancient Rome—HORACE, VARIUS, PLOTIUS, MECÆNAS, playing short-whist. A Waiter overlooks the Game.

HORACE *loquitur.*

“FORTUNE, rejoicing in her cruel game,
“ And pertinacious to play the same,
“ Permutes her variable honours, and
“ Sometimes deals four, and sometimes none to my hand.

“ *I praise the Waiter*—if the Waiter shakes
“ His napkin, and defrauds me of the stakes,
“ I wrap me in my virtue, as a garment,
“ And snap my fingers at the slippery Varmint.”

HORACE, LIB. I. SAT. 5.

JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM.

LAST Whitsuntide we quitted Rome, myself and Heliodorus,
Queen's Counsel and Philosopher, all Italy before us,
And first Aricia took us in, and after, Appi-Forum,
Where Navigators throng the Quays, and carry all before 'em,
Two days we loiter on the road ; but faster men than we
Had done it easily in One, and tumbled in to Tea.

Here I, who drank the water vile, felt aguish, and fled
With shivering limbs, and supperless, to hide myself in bed,
But not to sleep ; for, all around, what rows, and what a shindy,
What choruses of rugged Oaths, along the Jetties windy,

What water-flang!—for now the Boys reviled the pig-tailed Sailors,
And next, the angry Salts in turn insulted their Affailers,
“ Pray does your Mother know you’re out?”

We pay our bill and try
To make a start; an hour is loft; we fail to close an Eye,
For frogs abominably croak, Gnats, tiger-like, torment us,
And next, with melodies marine, the Navvies circumvent us;
They fall asleep; our Mule stands still; till some one, in a passion,
Starts up to pummel men and mule, and lays a ready lash on,
’Till travel-worn, with weary limbs, and many a misadventure,
In time to wash our hands, and shave, Feronia we enter.

We breakfast, and advance ten miles, and after many pranks are
Deposited within the walls of shiny white-washed Anxur.

And here Mecænas came to join our Party, and Cocceius,
Commissioners on State-Affairs, and Capito Fonteius,
A pleasant, gentlemanly Man, and one we all delight in;
Mamurræ then we reach fatigued, which place we spend a night in,
Muræna furnishing the beds, and Capito the Kitchen.

Brightly the Sun aroſe next day, fresh joy and pleasure rich in,

For Plotius, and Varius, we meet at Sinueffa,
And Virgil too, beloved each, and each, I must confess, a
Companion meet to make time pass most cheerily away ;
What jokes, what heaps of fun we had ! O what a joyous Day !
And here perhaps I might essay to tell you of a row
Between Sarmentus the Buffoon, and Messius, and how
The fight began ; but my poor Muse would be compelled to fag hard
To paint one-half the horrid flang of men so very blackguard,
So utterly unfit to live ; and We, whose hearts were merry,
Allowed the combat to proceed, and calmly sipped our Sherry.

From this we stretch across the flat, and enter Beneventum ;
And here our Host, with many a bow, and ere we could prevent him,
Took down his ancient Fowling-piece, and from the bogs and rushes
Purveyed us half-a-dozen snipe, and three or four lean thrushes,
In cooking which, to make a dish of which he greatly boasted,
He set his paper-cap on fire, and was himself half-roasted.

Appulia next its mountain-range in turn exposed to view,
Parched by the sultry summer-sun, and un-refreshed by dew,
And which we ne'er had scrambled o'er, but snug amid the rocks,
We chanced to spy, perched up on high, Trivicus' Country-Box ;

Wherein, to pass the time away (with sorrow be it said)
I talked all sorts of nonsense to the pretty Waiting-maid,
Who frowned, and shook her glossy curls, and chattered fast and faster,
But met me with a smile next day, as on the stairs I passed her.

We next secure an Omnibus, and travel twenty miles
To reach a little Town whose name my memory reviles,
Where water costs about as much as very good red-wine,
But then, the rolls are first-rate, and I myself ate nine.

Then Gnatia we reach at length, thro' which the river runs;
And here we raise a hurricane of most irreverent puns,
On seeing the old Parish-clerk beneath a Shrine retire,
To liquefy some frankincense, without the aid of fire;—
A feat which I have seen performed in lands and manners various,
For instance, at Neapolis, with blood of Januarius.*

* Modern science has revealed the precise “quomodo” of the Januarian experiment at Naples. Sulphuric aether is reddened with common alkanet root, and then saturated with as much spermaceti as it will absorb. This preparation remains solid, at, and up to a temperature of 10° above freezing; but melts at any higher temperature, even the mere heat of the hand.

A Child may credit tales like these, not I ; 'tis my Opinion
The Gods prefer a quiet life, and sinecure Dominion,
Nor, if some wondrous thing arise, by Nature's benefaction,
Need we subpoena Jove and Co. to father the transfaction.

Brundusium my Journey ends; Friends, Enemies, valete,
And may a readier pen than mine, and pleasant pastures greet ye !

MISCELLANEA.

MISCELLANEA.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. ROEBUCK,
HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 1856.)

“ He, like the timid Fisherman, who hears the storm approaching, and sees in the dim Horizon a cloud no bigger than his hand, made straight for shore, and fled howling inland.”

“ **I**LLE, velut timidus nigrâ Piscator in undâ,
Qui procul aerias videt insanire procellas,
Nubemque exiguum, et torvo tremit omina cœlœ,
Terram ululans adit, et per totum ignobile littus
Intus agit gressus, et sese abscondit in umbris.”

NOTE.

I beg to state that, upon reading Mr. Roebuck's Speech, I enclosed to him, by next post, the above Latin lines, and duly received from him an admission that he himself must have read the Latin lines somewhere, and thus have appropriated the simile of the "timid Fisherman" unconsciously. Nevertheless, the simile is Mr. Roebuck's own property, and not mine.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE CASE.

AT Paris, et fratres, et qui cecidere sub altis
Mœnibus Iliacis, illi si denique rixæ
Finem Dii dederint alienum, dispare fato
Egregias laudes, encomia vasta tulissent
Aonidum.

Nec Tu tantum nocturnus Adulter,
Argivis exose Paris, sed martia Proles,
Cui favit fortasse Venus; sed dextera Teucrûm,
Ense minax, clypeoque gravi, et fulgentibus Armis,
Nil infrâ Ajacem, nil post memorandus Achillem.

Ο Τ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξυλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχνη τεκτόνων οἱ πόλεις εἰσιν,
"Αλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἂν ὥσιν "Ανδρες
Αὐτοὺς σάζειν εἰδότες,
Ἐνταῦθα τείχη καὶ πόλεις.

ALCÆUS.

LUCKNOW.

—
NOT in the Stone, nor in the length
 Of Bastion, lies the City's strength,
But when, within the leaguered wall,
 Are Men, Men's Hearts, Men, One and all,
Unscathed by storm of shot and shell,
 O, These are tower and citadel.

DEATH OF A FAVOURITE HUNTER.

“**M**ORS æqua est,” aiunt: Nostris inimica triumphis
Æqua illa egregium Mors mihi raptat equum.
Nil clivi impatiens, nil vastis sepibus impar,
Nil fueras rapidis tu cohendus aquis—
Cum reliquis minus est versari, care Sodalis,
Quam semper pretii sic meminisse tui.



HALF AND HALF.

NON mihi convenient udi Carchesia Bacchi,
Non aqua cœnanti juniperina placet.
Sui Citri ambrosium Cyathus mihi præstet odorem,
Albaque fint intrà Sacchara, Dives ero.
Qui sapis, et liquidæ nolis succumbere Vitæ,
“*Dimidii*” sis tu “*Dimidii*”que fugax.



NOTE.—Of a wholly different opinion was Madame Paſta, to whom when some one said, at Como, “Do you still drink porter in Italy, as you used to do in London?” she replied, “Non, mio caro, adesso prendo Io Half-and-Half.”

NICHOLAI PAULOVITCH.

D EATH sped th' avenging Dart, and flew an Emperor;
Then drooped his fleshless Arm, and cried "Obtem-
peror!"

For which piece of bad Latin the King of Terrors is answerable, and not I.





T ALIS in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

OVID.



S O young Vertumnus, in th' Olympian Hall,
Has store of neckties, and looks well in all.



ROMANS, CHAP. 7, VERSES 23, 19, 24.

- 23. I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members.
 - 19. For the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do.
 - 24. O wretched man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?
-

CONTRA legem Animæ legem exultare rebellem
Intrà membra aliam, et rigidis me subdere cerno
Peccati laqueis :

Quod vellem, infirmus et expes,
Hoc frustrà aggredior : quod totis viribus odi,
Id periturus ago.

Tanti me e corpore lethi
Infelicem Hominem, quæ demum dextera solvet ?

— { 8 } —

O JOY, whene'er, in fairy dream,
Thou mirror'd art on life's dark stream,
If when each wavelet, icy cold,
Is tinged with azure and with gold,
Unbidden all, arises near,
From its deep font, one silent tear,

It tells, stern messenger of woe,
Of storm and tempest here below,
Love's labour lost, vows idly sped,
Time-treasured friendship feared and dead.
Or, lonelier still, is heard between
The low, soft voice of what has been.

Of what has been ! aye, past away,
Both beauteous morn, and bright mid-day ;
The dying rays at moments shed,
Now gleam awhile, and now are fled,
Till the last wavering, waning light
Gleams wildly forth, and all is night.

Is there no hope ? uprising high
In lost Judæa's lurid sky,
Faintly at first, then beaming far
From Heaven to Earth, that promised Star,
High o'er the Vault of guilt and gloom,
Hath shown a Land beyond the Tomb !



KING CHRISTIAN.



THE following is a close translation of one of the most spirited ballads in the whole range of Northern literature. The sea-fight which it tells of took place between the Swedes and the Danes, in the 17th Century, Niels Yuel commanding the Danes. The King of Denmark, who was present, created his Admiral "Baron Tordenskjold" immediately after the engagement.



KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast,
In murky light;
His cannon-strokes fell true and fast,
Till the Goth's iron helm at last,
And every hostile sail and mast,
Sunk into night.
Fly, fly for shelter, ye who can;
Who copes with Denmark's Christian
In the fight?

Niels Yuel heard the battle-cry,
“ Now is the Day !”
The blood-red flag he hoisted high,
Closed with the thronging Enemy,
And louder than the waves his cry,
“ Now is the Day !”
“ Fly, hide ye from Niels Yuel’s hand,
“ Old Denmark’s Yuel who withstand
“ In the Fray ?”

North Sea, a gleam of white sails broke
Thy gloomy sky ;
Then in the strife, the wild death-stroke
Of Foemen hurrying on, there woke,
Landward, a cry, a shout, that shook
Heaven’s canopy :
From Denmark flashes Tordenskjold,
To Heaven commend them, e’en the bold,
And fly !

Thou, the Dane's path to fame and power—
 Dark, shadowy wave,
Shelter thine own : In that lone hour
When war-clouds and the fierce storms lower,
Proud as art thou, untaught to cower,
 Tempestuous wave,
And quick amid the crash, the throë,
The fight, the triumph, bear me to
 My grave !

ODE TO THE THAMES,

1857.

LOW on, thou filthiest River,
But when you meet the Sea,
Mark how the fat Fish quiver
When first they taste of thee ;
And tell them thus : " This inky Tide,
" Boast of the City, proud and free,
" By twice ten thousand streamlets dyed,
" Flows on, to poison ye."

But if, in swimming thither,
They little seem to care,
Just mark how quick they wither
Beneath the foul tide there ;

And tell them thus, " Ye filliest Fish,
 " Safe in some sandy nook might be,—
" To form at least a pleasant dish,—
 " But now, you die of ME!"

CANINE GREEK.

KΑΡΔΟΣ εμοι φιφπουνδὸν ελενθέτο, ὃ μαλα σιμπλος,
 Τουτο δέγω σπενδὸν λευκοῦ κατα σημα λεοντος,
 Δισυκομενος και εωξομενος πασαν δια νυκτα.
 Ενθαδε, Βουλομενος νοστεῖν, συν δωδεκα κλουνοῖς
 Φειτομαι.

—αυταρ εγω μεγαλοις Κλυνεβοῖπιν εξαγχθην.

R. P. K.

TAGLIONI.



“**A**RMS and the man I sing,” let Maro cry,—
Ambitious theme!—“Legs, and the Lady,” I.
Do thou, chaste Muse of Choregraphic Art,
Yield kindred aid, some passing grace impart,
Wave thy light Wings above my recreant pen,
One pirouette give, and let me sketch thee then.

And ye, bright Nymphs, who at the fiddle’s call
From pasteboard glens before the footlights fall,
Loose-zoned, thin-ankled, bounding like the Roe,
From mimic rocks to paper plains below,
Star-spangled Denizens of Scenic Air,
Poise your chaste limbs, and rest one instant there.

E'en as I sing, before my travelled eyes,
Idalian forms, at fancy's bidding rife ;
And first to Thee, on Como's rocky side,
Self-fold in youth to Russian Gold and Pride,
Queen of the Dance, before whose awful throne
Each star grew pale, and left that realm thine own,
A thousand memories, Taglioni, rife ;
I see those flashing feet, those Paphian Eyes,
And e'en mine own the passing tear-drops lave
To think such faultless form should shroud a Slave,*
Slave to barbaric gold !

What hope for thee,
Degenerate land, lost, widowed Italy,
If thine own Daughters, brighter than the ray
Which gilds thy Naples with Volcanic Day,
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy mighty bone,
Thus live dishonoured, and thus die, alone ?

Time was, thou loved one, when on Arno's shore
Thy childhood strayed, and Spring's first Violets bore ;

* Which idea is captured from the late Lord Byron.

Time was, thou lost One, when a Mother's care
Blessed that fresh cheek, smoothed the dark, lustrous hair,
Watched each young grace which, like the budding rose,
Leaf within leaf, still slept in calm repose :
Foresaw the triumph, yet forbore to scan
Thy woes in store, from the Arch-Tyrant, Man,
And left that hapless Bark to stem the tide
Where Bias funk, and Bigottini died.

Then came Milano's day, the Victory came ;
Uprose the Scala with one wild acclaim,
And all the manhood of that glittering scene
Waved its deep Homage to the new-born Queen.

(These lines are from a work on "Italian Art.")

BACCHUS and Baccy, glorious two !
Without ye, what would mortals do
On this terraqueous Ball ?
The Earth would be a stand of Ink,
And, if they robbed us of our drink,
The very Sky a Pall.

Bright flowers are found on British Soil,
And England's Sons are strong to toil,
But may they ne'er proceed
To wrench from out our garnered store
The plant we love, yet more and more,
Earth's balmiest gift, a Weed.



EXCOMMUNICATION BULL.

1860.

PARTURIUNT Montes; Utero gemit Italia Tellus;
Exiguo majus Mure fit inde Nihil.



ALMAE MATRES.

O BRIDGE of Cam, and ford of Ox,
Fenced in with dogmas orthodox,
Thy Sons, what are they? heads of blocks,
'Gainst which true Wisdom vainly knocks,
And ye, the while, like stones or stocks,
Stand heedless, and the Devil mocks
Ye, bridge of Cam, and ford of Ox !

Yes, ford of Ox, and bridge of Cam,
Of that small flock one single Lamb,
Safe in the arms of Abraham,
Is dearer to the great "I am,"
More sure to fit ad dexteram,
Than he who dons, superbé tam,
Exoniensem * Purpuram !

* Written in the reign of Bishop Philpotts.



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